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## Selected Poetry.

JULY FOURTH, 1863.

BY ANNIE H. BRACE, IN RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Our hearts were sad, our lips were dumb,  
We could not wake the joyful lay  
With which we've before had hailed  
Our Nation's natal day.

We only saw the thick, black clouds,  
We only heard the hissing hail,  
And felt the raindrops on our lips,  
Borne on the battle's maddened gale.

O, God! our Father's God, and ours!  
Our hearts had almost ceased to pray,  
So dimly burned the lamp of faith,  
Upon that once joy-greeted day.

Down in the blood-damp dust we bowed,  
Dust and red with our fathers' graves,  
And then their life-blood spilt in vain  
To free us from the lot of slaves!

On swept the trumpet, Northern soil  
Was trampled by the foot of foes,  
We closed our eyes, as if to shut  
Away the scenes of coming woes.

When suddenly—a shout of joy!  
Our flags were proud, exultant crew,  
As down the routed battle-crests,  
Bright broke the light of Liberty.

We saw the banner of the free  
Float from the traitor's proud stronghold,  
God bless its every waving star,  
It's every blood-stained fold!

Darkly again the clouds may lower,  
Yet still we trust the beacon ray,  
Knowing full well the darkest night,  
Must end ere dawn in glorious day.

And when that glorious light shall burst,  
The storm will not have been in vain,  
Each sacred drop for freedom spilt  
Shall be reflected back again.

In mercy's brightly beaming brow,  
Stretching unbroken from sea to sea,  
Guarding beneath its guided scope,  
The favored land of Liberty.

## THE COSTLY KING.

BY ALICE B. CROWELL.

"What is the price of that ring?" she said;  
The man at the counter raised his head;  
Never before had the woman's face  
Darkened the door of that princely place,  
But he took the counterpane of the case;  
He took the gem from its royal bed;  
"A thousand dollars for the ring," he said.

I saw the treasury notes unrolled,  
A thousand dollars counted and told.  
Oh, the man at the counter raised his head;  
A diamond ring for the finger he held.  
A thousand dollars and nothing more!  
I knew the notes, foul with the stamp  
Of the nation's toil and sweat and pain;  
The treasury notes with the curse of the shame,  
That the lack and need of a soldier's wife  
Paid for the ring of the soldier's wife.

Oh, the man at the counter held the gem,  
Would give the costliest diamond  
That ever clasped its pearls of light  
On some fair brow, as proudly bright—  
A royal diamond, pure and white!  
I saw the ring on the woman's hand,  
The costly ring, the jeweled band,  
That flashed the glances of my native land,  
And it seemed as a breath, like poisonous air,  
Passed over the gem quick bright and fair,  
And left a raw fever there—  
A fatal feud, hatred and strife,  
With pain and profit, sin and strife,  
In the diamond ring of the soldier's wife.

## Selected Sketch.

### DOWN IN DIXIE.

There was, once upon a time, a very nice young Hessian Sergeant, who, while in command of a picket down in the Shenandoah Valley, gradually became aware that there was a very pretty girl in the habit of passing "quite promiscuously" while he was on post.

Very pretty girls indeed were all three of the Miss Jeffs. Dark of hair, bright of eye, and keen of wit, they knew the rules of coquetry from Alpha to Omega, better than they did their prayers, and took interest in observing their practical effect.

The family lived just inside our lines, and were neutral—that is to say, they had two brothers with Ashby, and used to sell meads, etc., (as in Virginia, generally mean whisky,) to our officers and soldiers, at about ten times their real value, all the while wishing the "horrid war" would cease.

Our young Sergeant's natural modesty having been overcome with great difficulty, he speedily became quite intimate, not to say gallant, with the young lady and her sisters.

Why shouldn't he, pray? He had not seen a white female in three months who had not scowled or spat at him—but one, and she threw a brickbat sort of thing which, though amusing at first, grew tiresome by repetition; so that when he met two good looking females, who did neither, he was fascinated.

Though he took his meals at their house (at 50 cents each,) and made himself generally agreeable, to the best

of his ability, our Sergeant never forgot that he had command of an unusually large picket, sent out purposely to give timely warning of an expected raid on the station, and never left the road without posting a force too strong to be cut off by a cavalry dash before an alarm could be given, and would not leave his men after dark for all the beauty of Virginia.

After declining several invitations to pass the evening, a few days before the time of his return, he received a most pressing invitation to bring his men to partake of a dinner prepared by the Misses Jeffs. They had behaved so gentlemanly, so unlike the usual coarse mercenaries, that really they must accept of our hospitality. And you will come, I know?

Who could resist such a speech, accompanied as it was with a blush and a look which would have brought Gen. Wool himself on his marrow bones.

"But I can't leave the road unguarded. My orders are—"

"Oh, never mind that. Isn't the road in sight from here? Why can't you leave one man and bring the rest up? There is no danger in the middle of the day, to be so much afraid of. This is Northern courage, is it? with a snail highly derogatory to the aforesaid Northern production.

Of course, it was the old story over of Samson and Delilah, and this speech, with a little more wheedling, produced an acceptance of the invitation; and the Sergeant, after taking a short leave of the family in general in the parlor, and a long and affectionate one of Miss Jeff in particular, on the stairs, effected a retreat.

"Flattering, isn't it, that she should take such a great interest in me," he soliloquized. "But then to ask the men I am blessed if I can see through it, anyhow." And he fell into a brown study, from which he was startled by a whisper.

"Massa Sergeant!"

The Sergeant started, looked around and half drew his revolver, but seeing nothing but a juvenile darkey unconcerned in an angle of the worm fence, he thrust it back again.

"Hello, Dick, you imp of darkness!" he cried, recognizing one of the household servants of the Jeffs, upon whom he had bestowed several small favors.

"Step here, Massa Sergeant. Don't let no one see you, and I'll tell you somethin'."

A long and anxious confab ensued, interspersed with considerable cursing on the part of the military gentleman, at the end of which the Sergeant took his way to camp instead of the post, in a study far browner than that from which he had so recently emerged.

At precisely noon of the next day, a look into the dining room of the Jeffs would have disclosed the Sergeant, and with one exception, the entire picket under his command, sitting at the table, their arms stacked in the hall, making an onset before which the dinner vanished like chaff before the wind.

One hour passed.

Suddenly steps were heard on the piazza.

"Don't disturb yourse, leen," said one of the young ladies, going to the window. "It's only some of the niggers."

"I won't," replied the Sergeant with a tender glance.

The steps came on the stairs—up them; the young ladies glanced anxiously around, but the Sergeant never stirred. There was a stir in the hall, followed by a sudden rush, and about twenty-five of Ashby's cavalry made their entrance, with an utter disregard of the proprieties of life and the presence of ladies.

"You may as well give yourselves up quietly, smiled the Sergeant's (?) con-quested to her adored and his followers, who were consulting in the corner to which they had retreated. "My brothers always treat their prisoners well, and we have your guns."

"Well, darned if ever I saw such perfidy!" cried the Sergeant, throwing his hat from the window in a rage.

"Give me five minutes to collect myself, Lieutenant," turning to the commander of the troop, "and I'll tell you what I'll do."

"All right, my boy, take 'em," retorted the young lady's brother, in the most good natured manner, sitting down and pitching into the dinner, like a half-starved dragon, as he was—an inter-

monious example which was imitated by his fellows.

Five minutes passed. A tramping was heard outside.

"Darn those horses," exclaimed Lieut. J-B, with his mouth full of corn-bread and boiled chicken. "There's no guard there. Tom, go down and see if they are getting unhitched."

Tom filled his mouth full of the same article, picked up his carbine and started.

He looked back as he reached the door, and said: "Keep me some fodder, Lieutenant. I am— What the deuce is—"

Bang!

Blue wreaths of smoke circled into the room and sluggishly rolled upward, and Tom pitched heavily forward, with a bullet through his head, never more to rise, while several files of the 98th regt. emerged from the smoke and marched over him, their muskets at a charge; and at the same time, each of the pickets at the other end of the room produced his revolver and marked his man.

"Have to trouble you to surrender, gentlemen," remarked the Sergeant, with a questioning wave of his hand toward the smother. "You see you have n't got all our arms."

"Just my luck!" cried the Lieutenant. "Here I am taken prisoner before I have half eaten the only dinner I have seen in a month."

"Don't let me interfere," interrupted the Sergeant, with a native politeness. "Take you to camp any time."

The Lieutenant looked at his men and winked. They grinned back their response. But the Sergeant was oblivious, and the meal proceeded.

All at once its progress was interrupted by dropping shots on the road, the galloping of horses, and the hurrahs of charging cavalry.

The Lieutenant picked up his ears, and winked the second time at his men.

"I reckon, Sergeant," he remarked to his captor, who remained as cool as a cucumber, "that the tables are changed again. Those are our boys—there's no mistaking that noise. That's—"

He was interrupted by a sudden cessation of the cheering, and the heavy boom of cannon; and near the house that the windows rattled and the glasses danced upon the table. The sound was repeated, and followed by a heavy volley from infantry.

"What the deuce is that?" he exclaimed, staring up in great agitation. "Our boys had no heavy cannon."

"I know it," remarked his captor, with serenity, "but our Colonel thought them such handy things to have around, that he posted two pieces and a few men just nigh in the brush where the road forks, and I rather guess they have given Ashby particular fits."

The lieutenant dropped into his seat, and made a faint attempt to swallow some more corn bread, but it was no use. Slowly he laid aside his knife and fork, and rose from the table with the air of a man who had rather more than is good for him.

"Take 'em, Sergeant," he said, resignedly.

And he did take them, men, women, horses, diskeys and all.

Their fate was the usual one. The contrabands skedaddled; the horses went to the Post Quartermaster, (that is, some of them did, the rest were, somehow, lost, though curious people said the staff officers of the 98th all got new horses about that time,) the men were paroled.

The ladies, of course, took the oath, and were discharged, for our great republic does not war on lovely women.

**THE MILKING MACHINE.**—A Madison Co. paper tells a good one on an old bachelor, who was present at a Barter Fair recently held in London.

A lady who enjoys a joke hugely, asked him if he would like to see the Milking Machine, one of which was on exhibition. The gentleman of course signified his assent, when Mrs. ———— invited him to a far corner of the room where a very young person was drawing milk from the most beautiful and pointing to the cherub, Mrs. ———— said that that was one of the most perfect arrangements for the use in question ever invented. Such a roar of laughter followed as was rarely to be heard at the plating.

Previous to his being a "good family" and have been accustomed to "high life" never boast of it.

## Miscellaneous.

### Family Visit to the Circus.

Smiffles took his wife and children to the circus, yesterday. By some mistake he got into the twenty-five cent department, and in a moment he was borne away from his wife and children by the crowd. After a few moments, he regained his wife, who had just had her pocket picked of the bureau drawer keys and her port-moniie, and just dropped the youngest Smiffles between the seats. Smiffles took the rest of the family into the fifty cent department at once, and then returned after the missing Smiffles, lying on its back, half suffocated with tin-bark, under the seat, a large dog turning it over with his nose, to see if the young Smiffles was good to eat. After driving off the canine animal, he seized the prize and bore it off triumphantly to Mrs. Smiffles, who sat smiling in very agony for her lost darling.

He found seats for the family, but he was obliged to stand up and take a promenade seat, in consequence of the crowd. The children got acquainted with Mr. Rice very quick, and wanted their Ma to buy him and take him home for them to play with, he was "so funny and had such pretty trousers!" This Mrs. Smiffles promised to do, when Paragon (the youngest Smiffles) wanted to know if his Ma would n't buy the rhinoceros too. To this Mrs. S. blandly assented, and told the children to be quiet, and when they were not looking at the interesting things, to watch their Pa, to see that no young woman invaded him, Mr. S. being very susceptible.

When the beautiful little girl rode so elegantly on horseback, the children were in a perfect frenzy of delight, and Paragon—in endeavoring to make a jump at her to kiss her as she floated past with but one toe touching the horse—split with but one toe touching the horse—split down the canvas, while a duty little boy, who had elandestined got in under the canvas, stole away his Prig, and pulled his hair for tumbling on him. Mrs. Smiffles extricated Paragon from his predicament with a piece of old hoop. When Paragon got out he was very dirty, and the little girl had got through her performance. Then Paragon cried, and would not be comforted, until one of the performers, who commiserated his time by peddling lemonade between the acts, passed by with the beverage, and a glass of it was obtained. This having been poured into Paragon's system, his ebriety was restored, and he commenced watching his Pa again.

The elder Smiffles, who had been standing beside a little brunette of a thing, supposing himself out of sight of his flock, had purchased some oranges and a confectionery for the dark-eyed damsel; and at the time Paragon looked that way was busy chucking her under the chin. Paragon immediately sang out:

"Pa is kissing her!"

At this Mrs. S. looked, beheld, faintly, doubled up, and disappeared between the seats, whence she had to be rescued by means of a long pole with a hook at the end of it, and was finally dragged out in a limp, disheveled condition. She was conveyed to the door, the children insisting upon being permitted to remain to see the "tricks," which their Pa sternly refused to consent to.

The family left in a wretched state of mind—Mrs. S. in a state of syncope resulting from the infidelity of her children's Pa; Mr. S. in a state of irremediable fear or the consequences of this affair; and the children glowing with indignation that they were not permitted to remain until it was over. Altogether, the afternoon terminated miserably; and Smiffles has forewarned himself—except when he can attend alone.

### Marry and Go West.

No very far from Central New Jersey, lived two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Tom Hall. Both were fond of dropping in at Mr. Smith's of an evening, and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, May. One evening, when Brown and Miss Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, and with his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave your father and mother, your pleasant home here, with all its ease and comforts, and go to the far West with a young lawyer, who has but little to live in his profession—to be dropped upon, and with him find out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful and happy, like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she answered:

"I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he in a changed tone, and straightening himself up, "there's Tom Hall who's going West, and wants to get a wife. I'll just mention it to him!"

The finest composition of human nature as well as the finest china, may have flaws in it, though the pattern may be of the highest value.

### A Cool With.

A few months since, Mr. Hardum, a widower, thought that it was not wise to sleep alone, especially in cold weather, and he cast his eyes around the circle of his acquaintances until they fell upon Miss Nancy Dana, a lady rather verging on the old maidish order. She possessed a little property in her own right and knew how to take care of it. Mr. Hardum thought, however, that she and she graciously picked it up. They were married, but in less than two weeks there was bickering in the house, all on account of the property which the wife would not give up.

One cold night, after Mr. and Mrs. Hardum had retired to rest, the property subject was again discussed, and this time so unsatisfactorily that Mr. Hardum sprang from the bed.

"I won't sleep with such a woman," he cried. "I'll sleep alone."

He left the room, but instead of opening the door leading to the cellar, he took one step and the next moment landed at the foot of the stairs. He had scarcely gathered his scattered senses when Mr. Hardum shouted:

"Well," growled the husband. "How do you like your bedfellow?"

And with these words she closed the door and went to bed.

In the course of ten minutes the husband crawled into his wife's room. "My dear," he said, in humble tones. "What is wanting?" the wife answered.

"I think the property can remain in your name."

Peace reigned after that confession. Mrs. Hardum was mistress of the position and she knew how to improve it.

### Your Wife.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, tho' you never think of it again. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as you, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such recreation and amusements as she may enjoy. By so doing you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence on your bounty. It tends to less on her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge, in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have keen perception; be sure she will discover your selfishness, and the no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, and her confidence diminished, pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane. There can be no one-ness where there is no full confidence. — *Women's Thoughts About Women.*

**ECCESTIC PROPOSAL.**—What we call eccentricity is, in nine cases out of ten, either affectation or the result of mental disease. It is said of many a man who deserves to be ostracized from society for violating its proprieties. "What an oddity he is—how very eccentric! Insolence, barbarism, brutal disregard of the requirements of good breeding, personal selfishness—in fact, any marked departure from the conventional rules which govern the conduct of decent people, is tolerated and even admired in persons who, by persistently and methodically ignoring the obligations of courtesy and decency, having obtained a reputation for eccentricity. We have no good word for instances of this class, and no feeling, except pity and contempt, for those who defer to and believe in them.

**A HARD JOKE.**—Prof. Johnson of Middletown University, was one day lecturing before the students on Mineralogy. He had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate his subject. A roguish student for sport, slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The Professor was taking up the stones one after another and naming them.

"This," said he, is a piece of granite; this is a piece of felspar, etc.

Presently he came to the brickbat. Without betraying any surprise, or even changing his tone of voice.

"This," said he, holding it up, "is a piece of impudence."

**Constant success shows to but one side of the world; for it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, do it silence those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.**

A man that can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you may always make one of him.

### Amateur of Birds.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that kind occurred in a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the extensive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of a quarry, in the very center of which they were constantly blasting.

As she was very busy in all directions, but she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then she returned to her nest. The workmen observed this, and narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors, who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood; but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterward, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roased off my eggs for your amusement."

Some birds have a great deal of humor in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels, and then he would assume himself by pulling up every stick, and laying them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him, (the old man could not walk very fast,) the raven would just keep clear of the rake or hoe in his hand, dancing back before him, and singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicking gestures. The bird is alive now, and continues the same meritorious practice whenever he can find an opportunity. — *Maryett.*

**The triumph of women lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.**

We are a part of the place we are in, or rather the place becomes part of us, and our spirits are subdued or elevated to the tone of our surroundings. One is wiser in his library than in the street, and in the woods or fields than in either.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself.

All the gold in the world might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high, so small is the cube of yellow metal that has set the population on the march, and roused the whole world to wonder.

On hearing a clergyman remark, "The world is full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

It is a beautiful saying of somebody that "gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by the gentle breeze of kindness."

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Life is a voyage, in progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part, old age, if the life has been well spent.

Spare moments are the gold dust of Time. Of all the portions of our life, they are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which the serpent of temptation find their easiest access to the garden of the soul.

The sweet way to prevail on a young couple to get married is to oppose them. Tell them you "would rather see them in their graves," and twelve months after their baby will pass you twice a day in a willow wagon.

Some people are always boasting of their services, but the spirit of the wheel that cranks most does not bear the greatest burden.

## Farm and Household.

### Improvement in Farming.

Farmers, like other people, improve as they go along; if not, they are dragged upon their neighbors, an injury to themselves, and a disgrace generally.

But there is improvement, generally, some improve more than others. Why this? Simply because they avail themselves of the means of improvement. This is very simple, and no one will dispute it.

But what are the improvements? Need it be asked? The improvements are, simply a knowledge of farming. Where is this obtained? It is obtained from the more intelligent farmers, who communicate it in various ways; by example, by conversation, by reports in agricultural newspapers.

By example and conversation but few can be profited; by reports in agricultural papers, as many as read those papers. Hence the advantage of an agricultural journal.

A few papers in England have done more in this way in disseminating knowledge, than all other means together. So in this country. Not that there is any special virtue in papers as papers; but the experience of farmers is here given to the world.

Give a nation reading, and then keep them ignorant if you can—especially if the information is beneficial to the pocket. For instance, a man tells another, as is often done in agricultural newspapers—that it is a great saving of money to feed only as much fodder as cattle will eat, and not throw it on the ground to be trodden in the mud, as so many barnyards are wet.

An exchange paper says: "The farmer who feeds out fifty tons of hay in a winter, wastes annually five to ten tons, worth at a moderate price from fifty to a hundred dollars. Two or three days' labor; and two or three dollars' worth of lumber or poles, would furnish good feeding racks, and entirely prevent the waste."

Again, your apple trees are neglected. You get little and wretched fruit, and bushy and matted tops; and soon your trees die. This is sheerly from neglect. The result is, you lose in the amount of your apples, and in the quality—and, you lose your trees. Have you ever reckoned how much loss this is? Of course you have not. And as the dollars were never in your pocket, so you don't feel their loss. But, do you deny the loss? No, no more in the case of the fodder. The facts are clear enough. So you say—because it would be foolish to say differently, as the case is clear to any one. But the amount of the injury is not understood; and the loss has not come out of your pocket book. And therefore the careless man continues. Not all; many people avail themselves of what is so evidently a benefit. Hence our improvement.

But does it take an agricultural paper to tell this always? Not necessarily. There are some shrewd, careful farmers, who reflect. They think the matter—any and every matter—over, and in doing this they see what there is in it, and then they see where the lack is, and where the improvement is to be made. Here is where the improvement starts. It must start somewhere, and this is the best way. It is not the best thing to be always dependent upon others; others, however, will greatly aid us. "Help one another" is a good motto.

**One practical hint.** On the prairie, where the wind is severe, there must be shelter for cattle in winter, or one thing will take place, and that thing can only be remedied by building a shelter, if it is no more than a wind-break, which requires but a few posts and a few more boards. But what is it that is to be remedied? The consuming of flesh by cold. The "critter" that shivers, suffers; and when it suffers, it loses flesh. This, through the whole winter, will make quite a sum, which a little trouble and expense will remedy. The thing has been all talked, and by the best men. — *Valley Farmer.*

**The Male.**

A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer sums up the merits of the male as compared with the horse, as follows:

"1. He is much more easily and cheaply raised than his cousin, the horse. 2. He eats but little more than half as much when matured. 3. He is satisfied with and thrives upon a coarser and less expensive kind of provender. 4. It costs less to keep him in harness and shoes. 5. He is proportionally stronger. 6. He is very much tougher. 7. He is less liable to disease. 8. He has more sense and docility. 9. He is better adapted to some important kinds of work. 10. He is a true puffer, and when loaded, a quick traveler. 11. He sells for a better price. 12. He lives more than twice as long. 13. He is better looking. 14. In nothing but fleetness is he excelled by the horse."

A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are actually.